

Moorbach's full descriptive Catalogue of Dramas, Comedies, Comedietas, Farces, Tableaux-vivants, Guide-books, Novel Entertainments for Church, School and Parlor Exhibitions, etc., containing complete and explicit information, will be sent to any address on receipt of a stamp for return postage. Address as above.

ROORBACH'S AMERICAN EDITION.

PRICE, 15 CENTS EACH.

- This series embraces the best of plays, suited to the present time. The reprints have been rigidly compared with the original acting copies, so that absolute purity of text and stage business is warranted. Each play is furnished with an introduction of the greatest value, o the stage manager, containing the argument or synopsis of incidents, complete lists of properties and costumes, diagrams of the stage settings and practicable scene-plots, with the fullest stage directions. They are handsonely pointed from new electrotype plates, in readable type, on fine paper. Their complete introductions, textual accuracy, and mechanical excellence render these books far superior in every respect to all editions of acting plays hitherto published.
- ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD. A comic drama in two acts. Six male, three female characters. Time, two hours.
- 2. A SCRAP OF PAPER. A comic drama in three acts. Six male, six female characters. Time, two hours.
- MY LORD⁶IN LIVERY. A farce in one act. Five male, three female characters. Time, fifty minutes.
- 4 CABMAN No. 93. A farce in one act. Two male, two female characters. Time, forty minutes.
- 5. MILKY WHITE. A domestic drama in two acts. Four male, two female characters. Time, one hour and three quarters.
- PARTNERS FOR LIFE. A coinedy in three acts. Seven male, four female characters. Time, two hours.
- 7. WOODCOCK'S LITTLE GAME. A comedy-farce in two acts. Four male, four female characters. Time, one hour.
- 8. HOW TO TAME YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW, A farce in one act. Four male, two female characters. Time, thirty-five minutes.

 LADY ALIDI EVIS SECRET. A drawn in two acts. Four male, three female.
- 9. LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. A drama in two acts. Four male, three female characters. Nime, one hour and a quarter.
- 10. NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL. A comedy in three acts. Six male, five female characters. Time, one hour and forty minutes.
 11. WHICH IS WHICH? A comedietta in one act. Three male, three female
- characters. Time, fifty minutes.

 12. ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS. A farce in one act. Three male, four female characters. Time, forty-five minutes.
- DAISY FARM. A drama in four acts. Ten male, four female characters. Time, two hours and twenty minutes.
- MARRIED LIFE. A comedy in three acts. Five male, five female characters. Time, two hours.
- 15. A PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS. A comedicata in one act. Two male, three female characters. Time, fifty minutes.
- LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS. A farce in one act. Five male, two female characters. Time, one hour.
- 17. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.—Original Version. A drama in six acts. Fifteen male, seven female characters. Time, three hours.
- UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.—New Version. A drama in five acts. Seven male, five female characters. Time, two hours and a quarter.
 LONDON ASSURANCE. A comedy in five acts. Ten male, three female
- characters. Time, two hours and three quarters.

 20. ATCHI! A comedicata in one act. Three male, two female characters. Time,
- forty minutes.

 21. WHO IS WHO? A farce in one act. Three male, two female characters.
- Time, forty minutes.

 22. THE WOVEN WEB. A drama in four acts. Seven male, three female characters. Time, two hours and twenty minutes.
- Any of the above will be sent by mail, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of the price.

HAROLD ROORBACH, Publisher, 9 Murray St., New York.

HOW TO TAME YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

BY

HENRY J. BYRON

New American Edition, Correctly Reprinted from the Original Authorized Acting Edition, with the Original Cast of the Characters, Synopsis of Incidents, Time of Representation, Description of the Costumes, Scene and Property Plots, Diagram of the Stage Setting, Sides of Entrance and Exit, Relative Positions of the Performers, Explanation of the Stage Directions, etc., and all of the Stage Business.

Copyright, 1889, by Harold Roorbach.





NEW YORK
HAROLD ROORBACH
PUBLISHER



How to Tame Your Mother-in-law.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

First performed at the Strand Theatre, London, under the management of Mrs. Swanborough, on Monday, May 30th, 1864.

SAMSON WHIFFLES (a tea dealer)
Mrs. Whiffles (Samson's better-half). Miss E. Johnstone. Mrs. Incubus (Samson's mother in form)
Mrs. Incubus (Samson's mother-in-law)Mrs. Manders.
wanders.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

SAMSON WHIFFLES, a tea-dealer, is rejoiced to see his wife depart on a visit to her mother; but immediately after her departure, he is horrified at learning that his dreadful mother-in-law, Mrs. Incubus, is about to visit his house. In the midst of his despair, he is surprised at the entrance of his old friend Timothy Spangle, a travelling actor, just returned from an unprofitable trip on the road and in debt to Mr. Hunx, the landlord of his hotel. As Samson lacks courage to get rid of his inwelcome mother-in-law, Spangle volunteers to deal with the old lady so effectually that she will gladly shorten her stay. Mrs. Incubus duly arrives and is cordially received by Samson, but he is ostensibly forced at once to depart on pressing business, leaving the field clear for Spangle. The latter then enters disguised as a smuggler, and beguiles Mrs. Incubus into purchasing, at a ruinously low price, what she supposes to be some smuggled silk. The "snuggler" having retired, Mrs. Incubus goes off to have a look at the larder, leaving her bonnet and shawl on a chair. During her absence, Mrs. Whiffles returns to find her lord absent, presumably enjoying himself; and, discovering the bonnet and shawl, flounces out to procure a divorce from the wretch. Mrs. Incubus then comes back, disgusted at the painful lack of provender in the house, and is extremely disconcerted by the ravings of Spangle, this

time disguised as a costermonger. Whiffles is then brought in deplorably drunk, and realizing that his condition is not comme il faut, conceals himself in the preserve closet just as his mother-in-law re-enters ready to shake the dust of the premises from her feet. But in the act of departure, she is met by Spangle, now got up as a policeman, charged with a breach of the revenue laws, and directed to retire to her room while he fetches a cab in which to convey her to prison. While pretending to call the cab, the policeman is met by the irate Mr. Hunx, in anxious search of Spangle and his money. The "policeman" now tells Hunx that the absconding debtor is at that very moment in the next room, disguised as a woman in order to effect his escape, and advises Hunx to collar his victim at once, promising to be at hand in case of need. Immediately on Mrs. Incubus' reappearance, she is seized by Hunx, but rescued by Mrs. Whiffles, who comes in opportunely. In the course of the uproar, Whiffles, smeared with preserves, emerges from his place of concealment, declares his independence of petticoat government, and asserts his domestic authority. Spangle then comes forward and is instantly recognized by Hunx, but silences the latter by referring to his conduct at a ball on the previous night. Mrs. INCUBUS is now thoroughly subdued, and SPANGLE, though he declines to enter into any explanations, offers to set forth in a practical manner, as frequently as required, the whole art of "How to Tame Your Mother-in-Law."

COSTUMES.

Samson.—Business suit; hat,

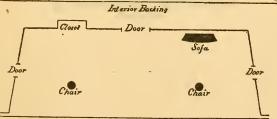
TOMPKINS.—Ordinary waistcoat and trousers; calico shirt, without collar; apron.

Mr. Hunx.—Business suit; hat.

SPANGLE.—Ist dress; business suit, hat and cane. 2d dress; burlesque smuggler's disguise. 3d dress; costermonger's costume. 4th dress; policeman's uniform, shield and club.

MRS. WHIFFLES —Ordinary walking dresses, bonnets and shawls.

STAGE SETTING.



Scene.—Plain chamber in 3 G., backed with interior backing in 4 G. Doors R., L., and C. Closet R. C. in flat. Sofa up L. Chairs R. C. and L. C.

HOW TO TAME YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW.

PROPERTIES.

Labels and boxes. Bell behind stage. Candles, bar of soap, and preserves in closet, R. C. Letter in brown envelope for Tompkins. Money, watch and flask for Whiffles. Two handkerchiefs (one very ragged), short pipe, bottle, and parcel for Spangle. Money and flask in satchel for Mrs. Incubus.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The player is supposed to face the audience. R. means right; L., left; C., center; R. C., right of center; L. C., left of center; I E., first entrance; 2 E., second entrance; I, 2 or 3 G., first, second or third grooves. UP STAGE, toward the back; DOWN STAGE, toward the footlights.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

Note.—The text of this play is correctly reprinted from the original authorized acting edition, without change. The introductory matter has been carefully prepared by an expert, and is the only part of this book protected by copyright,





How to Tame Your Mother-in-Law.

SCENE—Parlor behind a little grocer's shop—Doors, R., L., R. C. and into shop, C.

TOMPKINS pasting labels on boxes.

Tom. "Mrs. Whiffles, passenger to Frumpington." That's all right: and so missus is going out of town: she says it's for the benefit of her health. I'm sure it will be for the benefit of my health, and master's too—poor fellow. I never knew such a tartar as missis, never! Talk of Timour, the Tartar, as I see last boxing night! He is a regular lamb in armor, compared to Mrs. Whiffles. I hope she won't hurry back on our account; master an' me can do without her, 'specially me. Here she comes, so as music 'ath power to sooth the savage breast, why—— (arranges boxes—sings) "I'm afloat, I'm afloat——"

Enter MRS. WHIFFLES, R.—paces the stage.

Mrs. W. You're afloat indeed-you're a fool.

Tom. Thankee, mum.

Mrs. W. Don't answer—I hate boys that answer.

Tom. I don't answer, mum, at least master said so after he'd tried me a week.

Mrs. W. Hold your tongue, sir, and leave the drawing-room. Tom. (aside) He, he, he! calls the little parlor behind the shop, a droring-room! I'm a going, mum. (exit door, c.)

Mrs. W. Yes, Mr. Sampson Whiffles your patient wife can bear a great deal, but there are bounds, which even the most trusting woman—but what's the use of complaining? What are wives but beasts of burden—camels? But the last straw breaks the camel's back, and I have had the last straw. My dear old darling of a mamma, the kindest, gentlest, best of mothers and mothers-in-law, proposes to come and stay on a visit, and Mr. Whiffles objects, positively grumbles! But I'll be even with my

gentleman-I'll go and see her, and not come back till he sends for me, which he'll be too glad to do, in a couple of days. When I'm away, he'll soon find what a treasure I am.

Enter WHIFFLES, C. door from shop.

Whif. My dear, have you any idea-

Mrs. W. No, I haven't!
Whif. Hem! (aside) Weather-glass points to stormy. (aloud)
Do you know, my dear, if we are out of soap?

Mrs. W. Oh, drop the shop, I'm sick of it !

Whif. If I drop the shop, my dear, the shop will very soon drop me. That's my reason for living on the ground floor instead of upstairs; I didn't want to be above my business-d'ye see? That's not so bad.

Mrs. W. Well, as you don't wish to have ma here—

Whif. But when mothers-in-law come to live with their daughters, they've a knack of-of-of-not going away again; however,

if you insist----

Mrs. W. Oh, no, sir, my mamma is too proud to force her presence upon any one-however, I am going to see her; I have no doubt you will survive my absence. Plenty of your lady customers, to whom you are so polite, will be ready to sympathize with you in your lonely condition-I don't suppose you'll miss (cries)

Whif. (aside) Weather, glass points to much rain. I hope you'll enjoy yourself, and bring back— My dear,

Mrs. W. Mamma?

Whif. No; a better temper.

Mrs. W. I, a better temper? Why, you good-for-nothing, ugly, unkind little tyrant—I've the best temper in the world.

Whif. Very likely; but you're a perfect mistress in the art of disguising it! Well, Tompkins shall fetch a cab. (calls) Tompkins!

Enter TOMPKINS, C.

Tompkins!

Tom. Yes sir.
Whif. Go and fetch a cab.

Tom. I've got one, sir! Sich a hoss-a gray mare-riglar racer-rattle you down to the station in no time, mum.

Mrs. W. (aside) I do believe they're glad to get rid of me.

(aloud) Carry my boxes to the cab.

Tom. Yes'm, with the very greatest pleasure. (aside) Hooray, (exit with boxes, C.) hooray, missis is a going ! Mrs. W. And now, good morning !

Whif. Good morning, my dear. What, ain't you agoing toeh? (indicating a desire to be saluted)

Mrs. W. (severely) Sampson Whiffles, if you had fifty mothers,

and they wanted to come and stay with you, I should smile upon

you and say "bring 'em."

Whif. I don't know where you'd put 'em though. One salute.

Mrs. W. No, sir! When I return, may you be more alive to
the treasure you possess. Oh, what did I ever marry you for!

exit, C.

Whif. Sampson Whiffles, when you led to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished Angelica Incubus, you considered yourself the happiest fellow in world. Six weeks after that auspicious event, you came to the conclusion that there wasn't a more miserable devil breathing. Here have I been married a year and a half, and I can hardly believe it to be less than twenty years. I don't believe that I'm thirty-two; I'm firmly convinced I'm at least sixty. I'm prematurely old; I feel it—my hair's turning gray—I'm getting weak in the knees—in fact, I'm wretched, and yet my wife is a charming woman. Ah, there's no mistake about that; everybody said so before we were married, and of course it must be so; but all I know is, if I get a chance of being married again, I shall fix my affections on anything but a charming woman—I shall select a regular sour piece of goods, and with the less teeth the better; but no more of your charming women for Sampson Whiffles.

Enter TOMPKINS, C., with letter in brown envelope.

Tom. Letter, sir.

Whif. Is there?

Tom. Yes, sir, and there's some'at else.

Whif. What?

Tom. There's twopence to pay for it.

Whif. (gives money) What impudence! (TOMPKINS goes off, door, c.) Who's this from? I should like to know—the post mark says Fru—Oh, lord! It's a letter from my mother-in-law—Angelica's ma. Ha, ha! (opens letter) Charming old lady, she is. The late Mr. Incubus died in a lunatic asylum—don't wonder at it—I think his daughter is making out my ticket for Hanwell; but she don't do it. No, I'll die sane if I go mad in the attempt! (reads—gets excited—falls into chair) Tompkins! Tompkins! (jumping up) Tompkins!

Enter Tompkins, c.,—Whiffles seizes him.

Whif. Mistaken infant—infinitesimal—homœopathic dose of humanity, why were you ever born?

Tom. Lord, master, have you got the hydro-for-beer?

Whif. Why—why did you bring me this letter? Instrument of torture, speak! Had you annihilated me—crunched—smashed—squashed me! Oh, misery! (falls into a chair)

Tom. What's the matter, sir? Has a customer bolted? He's

got delirium tremendous.

Whif. So this dreadful woman is coming on a visit, is she? She's coming to fasten herself like a remorseless leech upon her son and daughter, eh? To make my life more miserable-my Angelica more suspicious-my home more like a wasp's nest than it ever was, is she? What am I to do? I haven't a soul to help me,-not one-not one! Exit TOMPKINS, C.

Span. (in shop—sings) "When the heart of a man is oppressed."

Whif. Ha, that voice, that toone—'tis he!

Enter Spangle, C.,—melodramatic start.

Span. What, my Whiffles--companion of childhood-friend of my boyhood—confidant of my riper years; ha, ha! embrace me. (embrace)

Whif. What on earth brings you to town? I thought you were engaged for six months at the Theatre Royal, Little Snod-

grass.

Span. Whiffles, the T. R. Little Snodgrass is a swindle—the company invisible—the manager a myth, and the audiences such audiences, Whiffles—three old women and a baby in the pit two orders in the boxes, and a butcher boy and woman, with nuts, in the gallery-that's a crowded house. Who could spout Shakespeare to such a select few? not Timothy Spangle. No, I contented myself with spouting my chronometer, and with a heavy sigh and a light carpet bag, I bade adieu to Little Snodgrass and the Little Snodgrassians.

Whif. No doubt leaving them inconsolable at your departure.

Span. Only one person regretted that, I believe. Whif. Who was that?

Span. My landlord; the confiding individual, after swindling me in every way he could for six weeks, suddenly grew nervous for the rent and seized my wardrobe.

Whif. Your wardrobe

Span. Yes, a pair of old tights, two dilapidated russet boots and a shoe horn. I saw the old rascal at a fancy ball last night, dancing away with a debardeur at the "Thistle and Broomstick." But I say, old fellow, you don't look altogether lively—what's the matter? Don't married life agree with you?

Whif. Oh, yes, I'm lively-very lively.

Span. Are you? Well, p'raps you are; but your liveliness is actly like my misery. Come, unbosom yourself—what's the exactly like my misery. matter, business shaky?

Whif. Firm as ever—increasing.

Span. Lungs sound?

Whif. Listen.

(prepares to shout)

Span, Thankee, don't exert yourself. Ah, I see! Mrs. Whiffles and you don't altogether hit it; or rather you do hit it and have a fight now and then.

Whif. No jokes on such a subject.

Span. No, it's no laughing matter. Ah, my boy, you were happy when we used to play Macbeth together in the loft, don't you remember? "Lay on Macduff and damn'd be he who first cries 'hold, enough!'" (crosses to R.) Thrilling, wasn't it?

Whif. I beg to say I've had quite enough, I'm out of—

Span. What—candles? Said so; been paying your taxes—found the price of brooms risen, eh? Chicory dearer? Rise in sand, eh? You look as if you'd got a man in possession.

Whif. I shall have a woman in possession soon. The fact is,

I've got a sword hanging over my head.

Span. (looking up) Where?
Whif. Bother! Have you never heard of Damocles?

Span. D—n Damocles! go on! Whif. Timothy, did you ever have a mother-in-law?

Span, No; but I've got a cousin-german.

Whif. Of course not; you're a bachelor. Well, my wife you know, is a charming person!

Span. Ah! a splendid woman—expansive—plenty of her!

Whif. But, unfortunately, she's a leetle-just a leetle warmtempered-breaks all the furniture twice a week, likes to have her own way, you know, and, I'm sadly afraid that by the time she's sixty-

Span She'll be a regular tommyhawk—a downright old she

bear—gray, but grizzly.

Whif. She's gone on a visit.

Span. Hooray! then, my boy, we'll have a regular holidaytime of it. I've nothing to do—I'll stop with you till she returns. I'll do anything to make myself useful; crush the lump, pick the flies out of the treacle—anything!

Whif. Thankee; but, unfortunately, her dear mamma, her

dear mamma, I say-

Span. Yes, she'll be dear to you, I dare say; you wouldn't mind her being lost to sight-to memory dear.

Whif. This awful old woman intends quartering herself-

Span. Yes, her elderly and snuffy self—

Whif. Exactly; on me. Now, when once she enters these doors, adieu comfort, authority, self-respect, peaceful hours-

Span. British brandy!

Whif. Everything an Englishman prizes. She'll put my wife up to all sorts of rebellious tricks, and as soon as she arrives, she'll drive me to a wat'ry grave.

Span. Then as soon as she arrives, I should drive her to the Waterloo Station, and pack her home again. What, Sampson

Whiffles, do you intend to give up your home to a disagreeable, sponging old woman, who can afford to keep away, but who, once admitted, will be like blackbeetles—impossible to get rid of don't say you do, for I don't believe you. I know that beneath those Nankeen trousers—I mean under that elaborately spotted waistcoat—beats a heart as brave as Cæsar's, and as undaunted as Coriolanus's. Forget not, my boyhood's friend and pitcher, that the blood of all the Whiffleses darts through my Sampson's veins; that a long and noble line of ancestry looks down upon you, exclaiming with universal voice, "Sampson Whiffles, remember your family, pack off your mother-in-law; or give in. succumb, immolate yourself beneath Mrs. Juggernaut Incubus, deliver up your prerogative, surrender your house and authority, and dwindle gradually into a miserable henpeck'd, mother-in-lawmangled, trick'd, trodden down, trampled on, little tea-dealer, with a heart the size of a penn'orth of blue, and no more spirit than a short six." (crosses L.)

Whif. What you say's all very true, Tim; but, somehow, since I've been married, I've lost all my courage—I've grown, as nervous as a kitten. I haven't the pluck to order off mother-in-

law; I-

Span. You haven't! Who said you had? Of course not, I'll do the thing for you, you shan't appear at all in the business; I alone, with bended bow and "quiver full of arrows"-no, I mean my carpet-bag full of properties—will undertake to eradicate this domestic plague, and send her back to her souchong and scandal at Frumpington quicker than ever she came away.

Whif. No violence, Tim.

Span. Violence! The man who would raise a finger against a defenceless woman-

Whif. Just so, that'll do, but how will you manage?

Span. In my carpet bag I managed to conceal from the wary eyes of my landlord, Mr. Hunx, a few things, wigs, etc.; with the aid of these, I'll amuse Mrs. Inkybus during your absence. You'll have pressing business out, of course, and—ha, ha, ha! glorious! by the time you return, put me down as pantomime super if Mrs. I. isn't cured forever of her son-in-law's oppressive tendencies.

Whif. If she is, Spangle, you shall have—

Span. What? Whif. My blessing. Span. Oh!thank'ee.

Enter TOMPKINS, C., from shop.

Tom. Please, sir, 'ere's a old lady inquiring for you. Whif. Oh, lor! (falls into SPANGLE'S arms.

Tom. The cabman's a follerin' of her, and a blackguarding of her, and a callin' of her names.

Whif. Oh, lor!

Span. Don't be a fool, man, summon up the courage of a teadealer and a gentleman, and meet your dear mamma-in-law like a man.

Mrs. I. (without) I tell you I won't give you a farthing more,

so be off, you impertinent fellow!

Whif. You won't desert me, Spangle?

Span. Desert you? hear me swear? (kneels on pocket-handkerchief)

Whif. No, no, don't swear, it agitates me. Do I look pallid?

Span. Rubicund as pickle cabbage, my boy.

Whif. Go along then.

Span. Sustain your stamina, put a bold face on it, rely on the companion of your childhood.

My carpet bag's contents must gain the day, My soul's in arms and eager for the fray.

Exit, melo-dramatically, R. Ha, ha, ha! Tom. (imitates him) Ha, ha, ha! (goes off, shop door)
Whif. Now! Sampson Whiffles, be a man, be a man. Now for the detestable old fiend in female form.

Enter MRS. INCUBUS, C.

(affectionately) My darling mother-in-law, delighted to see you. (embrace) bless me, how well you look. Why you don't look a day over five-and-thirty, I declare. How are you?

Mrs. I. I'm in an ill temper. Whif. How extraordinary!

Mrs. I. I've been imposed upon, Sampson.

Whif. (aside) She's heard all.

Mrs. I. By that cabman—the ruffian! but you're all alike, you men, you all deceive and cheat us poor, confiding, weak women. Ah! I wish my poor husband was alive.

Whif. (aside) Lucky man. Mrs. I. What did you say?

Whif. I said you were unlucky, ma'am.

Mrs. I. Of course I am; don't want any jackanapes to tell me that. But where's Angelliky?

Whif. Who, mother-in-law? Mrs. I. Angelliky!

Whif. Ah! Angelica!

Mrs. I. Of course—are you deaf, or drunk? why isn't she here to receive her ma? I'm afraid she's as bad as you are, Sampson, and has almost forgotten her affectionate mother. (whim-

Whif. (aside) I never did commit murder, but—(aloud) the

fact is, mother-in-law dear-

Mrs. I. Ha! all children are alike now-a-days-well, well, I

shan't trouble you much longer. (WHIFFLES pantonimes thanks) I'm a martyr to lumbager, Sampson—I 'as it in my 'ed, and in my harms, and in my back especial—nothing won't cure it, but a wee drop of sherry, took medicinal, purely medicinal.

Whif. Ah! of course—I'm very sorry that Angelica took the

keys with her.

Mrs. I. Don't trouble yourself. I 'as the attack so often, that I find it convenient to carry a little bottle with me. (pulls out pint black bottle and imbibes)

Whif. (writhing in agony) Oh, bless me! oh dear!

Mrs. I. What's the matter?

Whif. Oh! the lumbago! oh my back, oh! oh!

Mrs. I. Never knew it was catching.

Whif. Oh, yes, it's dreadful! give me some of your physic, I don't like it, but it'll do me good. (seizes bottle and drinks) I'm much better now.

Mrs. I. Oh, it's a wonderful remedy, took medicinal.

Whif. Oh! I've got it again! (take's bottle again—pulls out watch) Good gracious!

Mrs. I. What's the matter?

Whif. Lord bless us! ten o clock, I must be off.

Mrs. I. Off!

Whif. Yes, didn't I tell you? Why, mother-in-law, I'm sorry to say that I'm obliged to go to Westminster—I'm on a jury and must go.

Mrs. I. You shan't!
Whif. Public justice——

Mrs. I. What's public justice to your mother-in-law, come all

the way from Frumpington, to see her dear children?

Whif. I'm really sorry—but really I must go—perhaps—I say perhaps, you wouldn't object to mind the shop during my absence—my boy's young and prigs the currants.

Mrs. I. Mind the shop? a mother-in-law mind the shop! Why

ain't there an earthquake?

Whif. So good-bye! good-bye! (going—aside) I'll go and have a consoler at the "Pig and Whistle," in the court. He, he, he! I wouldn't be in mother-in-law's shoes for a trifle. (aloud) Oh! mother-in-law if the water rate calls, tell him I'm out, and shan't be home for a month. (going) Good-bye, mother-in-law. (returns) Oh, if Mrs. Haggle comes for three-and-eight-penny tea, give her two-and-nine—she never pays till she is made.

Mrs. I. (sits) Oh, deary me! why did I come on this unlucky journey—all to see a ungrateful darter as is out, and a vagabone of a son-in-law as goes out, when I might a stayed at home and been as comfortable as it's possible for a lumbagerfied creetur' to be. I was differently treated, when my good man was alive.

I misses him continually; it's true I was always wishing him to go, but somehow, when he goed, I felt as though I was the lonest and f'lornest and forsakenest woman in Christendom. Weil, never mind, as my poor husband used to say—it's a walley of tears—and so it is—a world of lonelines and lumbager.

Enter Spangle R., as a melodramatic smuggler—burlesque melodrama—noiselessly, and claps Mrs. Incubus on shoulder—she shrieks.

Span. Ha! ha! ha! Mrs. I. Murder!

Span. Another word, and your brains bespatter that wall—one ejaculation, be it but "Oh, lawks!" and that Kidderminster carpet soaks up your best heart's blood—the slightest movement, even the uncontrollable wink of an eye, seals your dreadful doom! Ha. ha!

Mrs. I. (aside) Ah, the garrotting ruffian! Where's the

police.

Span. What's that? Police! Name again the wretched myrmidons of a despotic and tyrannous government, and these walls resound to your closing squeals!

Mrs. I. Oh, lor!

Span. But I waste time—I am a fool. Madam, pardon me, you see before you a nobleman.

Mrs. I. Do I?—where?

Span. Here—in this wasted form, this sodden eye, these quivering limbs. I, madam, I am a nobleman—the Lord Mountappleblossom.

Mrs. I. The Lord Mount-

Span. Hush! would you see me a gibbeted traitor on the fatal tree, or a wriggling corse at your feet? That dreadful name, even whispered, is sufficient to raise a troop of harpies round their victim. Pity me! 'tis years since I have tasted food. Madam, pity me—I—I am starving.

Mrs. I. What am I to do? Oh, dear!

Span. Why was I ever born, madam? Madam, I am of ancient lineage—noble family—tip-top birth. But a ruffianly steward sent me away when young, and now enjoys the title and estates, which of right belong to this shrunken shadow. What wonder then that, like a maniac, I roam the wide and wretched world, an outcast, and earning a bare subsistence by selling winkles. (calls hoarsely) Winkles! here ye are! wink, wink, wink!

Mrs. I. Poor young man! (aside) A nobleman sell winkles-

'orrible!

Span. But I'm not selling winkles now, lady—no, no, I have done with them, and forever; but their wretched shells are ever

before me, their worm-like form forever haunts me, and their odor, when too long kept, still hangs around me. Now, madam, I am—I am—

Mrs. I. What-what?

Span. Hush! a smuggler. Shriek not, for your life! without you'd condemn me for life to a solitary cell and spiders, beneath the lofty walls of frowning Newgate. Here, (unfolds parcet) here I have—start not—a silk dress—smuggled, smuggled (aside) from Spitalfields—for ten shillings—hush! its value is eight guineas; but hunger knows not haggling—for half that noble coin yeclept a sov., 'tis yours.

Mrs. I. Ten shilling for that splendid silk? cheap as dirt.

Span. Lucre is filthy, but it gets us grub.

Mrs. I. Oh! Mr. Smuggler—I mean Mr.——no, Lord Winkle—no, I mean,—here's the ten shillings and——

Span. (kneeling) Bright seraph!—— Mrs. I. Go along, I ain't a syrup.

Span. Beauteous being—my thanks, my heartfelt thanks, accept 'em; this kindness overpowers me; (pulls out ragged handkerchief) but no, I will not weep, no! 'tis unmanly. Oh! lady—beauteous lady, I'm in love.

Mrs I. Poor young man!

Span, 'Tis years since the unhappy Mountappleblossom has heard soft words of pity, (in tears) they overpower him; but a truce with woman's tears—yes, lady, and she I love spurns me, she knows not my real condition—she despises the ragged outcast, and I have but one consolation.

Mrs. I. What's that?

Span. Look here—brandy! beautiful brandy; brandy that has not paid one farthing duty to Government! No, no! See lady, 'tis yours; and when you have a touch of rheumatism, take first a glass of this, and think at the same time of the poor heart-broken smuggler, who, crushed—despised—trampled on—trodden under foot—lives but for revenge! revenge!

Exit melodramatically, R. Mrs. I. Misfortune's turned that young man's brain. However, the silk's cheap; and as to its being smuggled, Government won't feel it, I dare say. I'll go and have a look at what's in the larder. **Exit** L., leaves bonnet and cloak on chair.

Enter MRS. WHIFFLES, from shop.

Mrs. W. So, so, no one about—Tompkins master of the shop, and Mr. Whiffles out enjoying himself, I've no doubt. The monster, to think of eating and drinking in the absence of his wife; but he little thinks that I've returned, and am hovering around the enemy like the fellow in the play; he thinks I'm at Frumpington by this time, the heartless wretch! (sits on bon-

net) What's this? am I awake? a woman's bonnet and shawl and not mine! Oh! what's to become of me?—And he really is false to me; I, who have been such a fond, patient, gentle wife to him; but I'll not submit tamely as I always have done. No! I'll show him I'm not the foolish, weak creature he thinks me; I'll be divorced from the wretch! You can get one for a trifle. No, I won't; I'll go to my ma, I'll pour my griefs into her ear. Ah! the wicked, wicked wretch!

Exit, sobbing, R.

Enter MRS. INCUBUS, L.

Mrs. I. There's nothing at all in the larder, but some mint sauce, and a bit of beet suet; Tompkins and I can't make a dinner off that.

Enter TOMPKINS from shop,

What's your name?

Tom. My name is Tompkins, "on the Grapplin 'ills."

Mrs. I. None of your low poetry, I 'ate it; Tompkins, I want you to get me a chop.

Tom. A chop? (shop bell) Shop! Exit C. quick

Mrs. I. Ugh! The 'orrid creature!

Enter Spangle, as a costermonger, with short pipe, black eye.

Span. Well! this here's a werry pooty conducted sort of a 'stablishment, this is! A werry pooty sort of a house to call after a great battle. Hinkermann 'ouse—Hinkermann 'ouse indeed! It's a Hinkermann bad shop at all events. "'Arf a hounce of bird's hi," ses I. "Haltogether hout o'bird's hi," ses he. "'Arf a hounce o' hanythink you 'as," ses I. "Haltogether hout o' heverythink," ses he. "You're the proprietor of the shop?" ses I. "You're hout," ses he. "Where his the proprietor?" ses I. "He's hout," ses he. "Where's the proprietress?" ses I. "She's hout as well," ses he. "Well if they're hall hout," ses I, "just step into the parlor and give us a light to this pipe by the fire." "The fire's hout too," ses he. "Well," ses I, "ifheverythink's hout, what d'ye call this Hinkermann 'ouse for?" What do you say, old gal?

Mrs. I. What a 'orrid wretch. Oh! I wish I was back home.

-catch me visiting my darter again in a hurry!

Span. Heverybody knows me—I don't hide my 'ed under no bushel, I don't put my beak into no sand like the pellikian of the deserts! Heverybody knows my sentiments. I'm for wote by ballad—universal sufferings—the dooty off heverythink—no hincome tax and no hincomes. As for the five p'ints of the charter—I'm good for a gallon any day. Wot I ses is—"A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," I ses, so I never does nothink.

Mrs. I. I'll stand this no longer. I'll go to my room, put the things back in the box, go home at once, and never come and

see the wretches again! I'll cut them off with a penny, and leave every farthing I've got to the Timbuctoo Toothpick Asso-

Span. I can't keep it up much longer. These clothes, in which I have frequently performed the Wandering Ministrel to admiring audiences, have come in capitally; but being in them I feel compelled to indulge in the ditty with which I delighted a bumper house on the occasion of my last benefit. Let me see, how does it go?

SONG .- " Poor Susian."

'Twas near the Boro' Market that there dwelt a fine young man; He fell in love with a damsiel, which her name was Susian; They always were a making love, just like a pair of spoons, Hall the mornings, hall the heven-ings, and hall the afternoons.

Well, matters had been going on like that a year or more, When Susian remarked one day "My age is thirty-four, I feel as I am getting on, I am not a young gal, And I should very much like to know if your views is mat-ri-mo-ni-al,"

Says he, "What is your property? Though lucre I despise, But we cannot live on nothink, which to try would not be wise; We're both on us got appetites, which satisfied must be, And we can't have proper dinners if we ain't got proper-tea."

Says she, "Oh, James, you've called me oft, 'My beautiful, my hown,' And said as how you did adore me for myself alone; I give thee all—I can no more—as says one of the songs, I've got six pounds, a silvier watch, and a pair of sugiar tongs,"

Says he, "'Taint much considering how much purvission's riz, But we'll be married next Sunday three weeks as ever is; The sweets of matrimony will improve life's bitter cup, Some folks would put down Sunday bands, I'll go and put them up."

The three weeks flew like lightning, time run on rapid wheels, And James called on her hevr'y day, and halways took his meals; At last the happy day did come, a select partee of five Sat trembling in the vestry, but her James did not arrive.

Says she, "Why don't he come? Oh, dear, I thought to me he'd rush! I'm much afraid he's been run over by an hombli bush;" When some one handed in a letter to the trembling bride, And these 'em ere's the 'artless words as written was inside.

"Farewell! for I was not aware, when first your form I sor, That you was thirty-four-you should have told me that afore; I've spent your tin, I've sold the watch, the sugar tongs I've spouted, You would have been dear at the price, and so that's all about it."

Now, at this sad intelligence, the friends did jeer and scoff, How Susian, poor thing, went on, and then, poor thing, went off; They all left—bride, likewise bridesmaids, the clerk, halso the minister, And as for Susian, poor dear, why she is still a spinister!

MORIAL.

Now all unmarried damsels who have a little pelf, You'd better see your property is settled on yourself; Take warning by poor Susian's sad tale of shameful wrongs, Stick to your tin, grab fast your watch, and always hold your tongs. Exit, R.

MORIAL THE SECOND.

Says Susan's haunt one day, "What are you blubbering about? There is as good fish hin the sea has hever yet come hout; You'll find a lovier good as James, as handsome and as slim, So do be a feel-loss-of-her, and don't feel loss of him."

Whenever lovers turn away, and don't come back again, As is the case with treacherous and wacillating men, Look out and try and find a more appreciative man, And don't go in for spinsterhood, like Soozy—oozy—Ann! Exit, R.

Enter TOMPKINS, C., holding up WHIFFLES, deplorably drunk.

Whif. (singing) "She's all my fancy painted her-She's lovely-she's divine-"

(hiccup) Hold up, Tompkins, you're not holding up.
Tom. You're so lop-sided, I can't sir.
Whif. "Do not mingle." Hold up—I'm right, I am, ain't I,
Tomkins—ain't I all right? If you say I ain't, I'll discharge you -now ain't I?

Tom. Oh, yes sir!

Whif. (sings) "Up rouse ye then, my merry, merry men, for 'tis our opening day.

(business) "Down among the dead men, let him lie." (falls)

Awful fall in tea-let him lie!

Tom. But I can't let him lie. Oh, lor ! get up, master! What a disgusting sight for a young man of my 'abits!

Whif. Tompkins!

Tom. Yes, sir. Whif. Be off!

Exit into shop Tom. Yes. sir.

Whit. (rising) I'm not drunk, am I? Echo answers—Very! I'm master here, and—oh, lor! I do feel so bad! (takes bottle out of pocket) I'm very ill, I am, I'm not so drunk as not to know that I'm (drinks) "Behold how brightly breaksbreaks-(hiccup)-the morning." Take my advice, gentlemen, never mix your liquor. I mixed mine and—(hiccup)—here s the consequence. I don't know what I had, but this I do know—

"When the heart of a man is oppressed with care, The spell is dissolved should a woman appear."

Mrs. I. (without) Yes! not one moment longer will I stay! Whif. Hallo! this is a woman! I'll get out of the way, for I ain't what the French call (hiccup) kummy fo. (goes into closet and shuts door)

Enter MRS. INCUBUS, L.

Mrs. I. I'll teach them what it is to go out when a mother-inlaw comes to see them, the ungrateful, good-for-nothing creatures! (going-meets SPANGLE.)

Enter SPANGLE, R., disguised as a policeman.

Span. Stop!

Mrs. I. Hallo, policeman; if you'd been here half an hour ago you might have been of some use; but now you ain't wanted.

Span. But you are! Mrs. I. Me?

Span. You, mum. You're a nice old gal you are, ain't you? a regular felonious, burglarious, housebreakerish, old 'omanyou are a nice Old Baileyish, Cold Bath Fields, House o' Correction'y creature. Come, confess your crime! I'm a policeman, I am, and don't stand no nonsense. Ha! ha!

(strikes an attitude) Mrs. I. Why, you imperent, good-for-nothing wagabone,

you--

Span. Wagabone? don't you so much as wag a finger! Call a constable a vagabond? malign one of Her Majesty's functionaries? Tremble! A smuggler has been here-ha!

Mrs. I. (falls in chair) Oh, 'eavens!

Span. Ha! you change color—the smuggler has confessed all; you are his accomplice-deny it not! You bought a piece of silk from him; own it! You are an offender against the law, and will suffer its awful penalty.

Mrs. I. Oh, good Mr. Policeman, I didn't know it was smug-

gled-I didn't know I was doing wrong! Oh, dear! oh, dear!

what'll be done to me?

Span. You're sure to be transported for life among the gorillas; however, if you don't kill more than two jailers a week, they'll

let you off with a ticket-of-leave.

Mrs. I. Oh, dear! oh dear! what would I give to be in Frumpington once more. Oh! Mr. Policeman, let me go, and I'll give you a five pound note.

Span. What! attempt to bribe an *employé* of a liberal government? Try to undermine the honor of a royal bobby? Madam, you wound me, you do indeed!

Mrs. I. What am I to do?

Span. Retire for a moment to your room, whilst I fetch a cab to convey you to Newgate.

Mrs. I. I don't know what I'm about?

Span. I can't keep it up much longer, I'll pack her off to the station in a cab, and----(going-Hunx heard without.) Hunx. (without) Tell you he is here, so no nonsense!

Span. Hunx's voice, my remorseless landlord from Little Snodgrass, by all that's horrible! Now impudence befriend me.

(stands in attitude.)

Enter HUNX, from C. door.

Hunx. Saw him enter, I'll swear. Hollo! a policeman. Ho! my man have you seen anything of a gentleman called Spangle hereabouts?

Span. (with a wry face) Spangle! I've just been in com-

munication with the rascal.

Hunx. The confounded rascal!

Span. Just so; he's here.

Hunx. Said so.

Span. Beneath this very roof.

Hunx. Knew it!

Span. A word in your ear—he's a she.

Hunx. What d'ye mean, policeman? I never joke; don't like

Span. Spangle is in that room, dressed as a woman—an old woman.

Hunx. Tricky rascal!

Span. Deceptive vagabond! yes! knowing you were after him, he adopted the disguise most calculated to elude you. He's there, about to make his escape—wait here—on his appearance collar him! If you want assistance I shall be without—hum!—you understand. He's wanted by the police; you stop him; I'll help and-we'll share the reward-hum !-fifty pounds-twentyfive each-hum! (aside) He! he! he! Who wouldn't be a mother-in-law? Exit into shop.

Hunx. So he's wanted by the police too! The scoundrel—

but I'll show him no mercy—not a ha'porth—no, none.

Enter MRS. INCUBUS, L.

Mrs. I. Mr. Policeman, I'm so frightened and—Oh! law, here's another nobleman!

Hunx. Well 'pon my life, you're a pretty sort of person, you Now tell me, ain't you ashamed of yourself? (aside)

Wonderful deception. I shouldn't ha' known him-so much stouter too-crinoline will account for that ! (aloud) You're discovered, young man, so come along. (seizes her)

Mrs. I. Young man? What d'ye mean? I'm no young man

-I'm an old woman!

Hunx. Very likely, I know better, Mr. Spangle. Come on, you play-acting rascal! come on! (MRS. INCUBUS shrieks.)

Enter MRS. WHIFFLES, R.

Mrs. W. My dear ma!-and in the hand of a rude man? Take that! (strikes HUNX on the hat.)

Hunx. (gets L.) If you were only a man, ma'am—
Mrs. W. Oh, if my dear husband were only present. Oh, Sampson, Sampson, where are you?

Sampson throws open door—is discovered drunk, with an immense number of candles hung round him, cake of soap in waistcoat pocket, preserves all over his mouth.

Whif. Here-here, madam! and why are you here?-tell me that. Why ain't you at your cousin Mary's ?-What business have you to come back before you're sent for? Tell me that, ma'am-tell me that.

Mrs W. Can it be possible! What do you mean, sir?

Whif. Oh, come ! you don't bully me any longer—I'm going to have my innings now, I can tell you. From this day forth, I'll be master of my own house, and my own till, and my own actions; so if you don't choose to submit as a wife should, why go and live with your mother, and good riddance to bad rubbish, say I.

Hunx. Hear, hear, hear! (SPANGLE watching.)

Mrs. W. Sampson, are you dreaming?

Enter Spangle.

Span. No, ma'am, he's just woke up.

Mrs. W. Mr. Spangle! (crosses to R. C.-MR. and MRS. WHIFFLES converse.)

Hunx. Mr. Spangle! why, sir, I've been looking for you for the last-

Span. That's odd! you might have seen me last night. (crosses to HUNX)

Hunx. Why, sir, I was last night at a public meeting.

Span. Meeting at a public you mean; wasn't that last waltz delicious? (dancing him round) However, Mrs. Hunx shall not know anything from me. No, I'm dumb, you dog.

Hunx. Hang me! if I'm not in a fog. Mrs. I. I'll cut 'em both off with a shilling. Span. Never mind that, ma'am, so long as you cut off yourself.

Mrs. W. Will you explain all this, sir?

Span. Certainly not, my dear madam, never explain anything at the end of a farce, it's always a bore.

Whif. So it is. But Timothy, you must stop with us; you

shan't go.

Span. Shan't I? then I won't (to audience) That's to say, if you'll allow me to stay. Say a kind word for Timothy Spangle, and if you do, he doesn't care how often he may be called to show you HOW TO TAME YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW.

SPANGLE.

MRS. W.

MRS. I.

MR. W.

HUNX.

CURTAIN.



UNCLE TOM'S CABIN (NEW VERSION.)

A MELODRAMA IN FIVE ACTS, BY CHAS. TOWNSEND. PRICE, 15 CENTS.

Seven male, five female characters (some of the characters play two parts). Time of playing, 2½ hours. This is a new acting edition of a prime old favorite, so simplified in the stage-setting as to be easily represented by dramatic clubs and travelling companies with limited scenery. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN is a play that never grows old; being pure and faultless, it commands the praise of the pulpit and support of the press, while it enlists the favor of all Christians and heads of families. It will draw hundreds where other plays draw dozens, and therefore is sure to fill any hal .

Synopsis of Incidents: Act I.—Scene I.—The Shelby plantation in Kentucky.—George and Eliza.—The curse of Slavery.—The resolve.—Off for Canada.—"I won't be taken—I'll die first."—Shelby and Haley.—Uncle Tom and Harry must be sold.—The poor mother.—"Sell my boy!"—The faithful slave. Scene II.—Gumption Cute.—"By Gum!"—Marks, the lawyer.—A mad Yankee.—George in disguise.—A friend in need.—The human bloodhounds.—The escape.—"Hooray fer old Varmount !

ACT II.—St. Clare's elegant home.—The fretful wife.—The arrival.—Little Eva.—Aunt Ophelia and Topsy.—"O, Golly! I'se so wicked!"—St. Clare's opinion.—"Benighted innocence."—The stolen gloves.—Topsy in her glory.

ACT III.—The angel child.—Tom and St. Clare.—Topsy's mischief.—Eva's request.—The promise.—pathetic scene.—Death of Eva.—St. Clare's grief.—"For thou

quest.—The promise.—pathetic scene.—Death of Eva.—St. Clare's grief.—"For thou art gone forever."

ACT IV.—The lonely house.—Tom and St. Clare.—Topsy's keepsake.—Deacon Perry and Annt Ophelia.—Cute on deck.—A distant relative.—The hungry visitor.—Chuck full of emptiness."—Cute and the Deacon.—A row.—A fight.—Topsy to the rescue.—St. Clare wounded.— Death of St. Clare.—"Eva.—Eva.—I am coming"

ACT V.—Legree's plantation on the Red River.—Home again.—Uncle Tom's noble heart.—"My soul ain't yours, Mas'r."—Legree's cruel work.—Legree and Cassy.—The white slave.—A frightened brute.—Legree's fear.—A life of sin.—Marks and Cute.—A new scheme.—The dreadful whipping of Uncle Tom.—Legree punished at last.—Death of Uncle Tom.—Eva in Heaven.

THE WOVEN WEB.

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS, BY CHAS, TOWNSEND. PRICE, 15 CENTS.

Seven male, three female characters, viz.: leading and second juvenile men, society villain, walking gentleman, eccentric comedian, old man, low comedian, leading juvenile lady, soubrette and old woman. Time of playing, 24 hours. The Woven Web is a flawless drama, pure in thought and action, with excellent characters, and presenting no difficulties in costumes or scenery. The story is captivating, with a plot of the most intense and unflagging interest, rising to a natural climax of wonderful power. The wit is bright and sparkling, the action terse, sharp and rapid. In touching the great chord of human sympathy, the author has expended that rare skill which has given life to every great play known to the stage. This play has been produced under the author's management with marked success, and will prove an unquestionable attraction wherever presented. an unquestionable attraction wherever presented.

Synopsis of Incidents: Act I.—Parkhurst & Manning's law office, New York.
—Tim's opinion.—The young lawyer.—"Majah Billy Toby, sah!"—Love and law.
—Bright prospects.—Bertha's misfortune.—A false friend.—The will destroyed.—A cunning plot.—Weaving the web.—The unseen witness.—The letter.—Accused.— Dishonored.

Act II.—Winter quarters.—Colonel Hastings and Sergeant Tim.—Moses.—A message.—Tim on his dignity.—The arrival.—Playing soldier.—The secret.—The promise.—Harry in danger.—Love and duty.—The promise kept.—"Saved, at the loss of my own honor!"

Act III.—Drawing-room at Falconer's.—Reading the news.—"Apply to Judy!"—Louise's romance.—Important news.—Bertha's fears.—Léamington's arrival.—Drawing the web.—Threatened.—Plotting.—Harry and Bertha.—A fiendish lie.—Face to face.—"Do you know him?"—Denonneed.—"Your life shall be the penalty!"—

To tace.— By your the state of the state of

SAVED FROM THE WRECK.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS, BY THOMAS K. SERRANO.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

Eight male, three female characters: Leading comedy, juvenile man, genteel villain, rough villain, light comedy, escaped convict, detective, utility, juvenile lady, leading comedy lady and old woman. Two interior and one landscape scenes. Modern costumes. Time of playing, two hours and a half. The scene of the action is laid on the New Jersey coast. The plot is of absorbing interest, the "business" effective, and the ingenious contrasts of comic and serious situations present a continuous series of surprises for the spectators, whose interest is increasingly maintained up to the final tables. up to the final tableau.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I. THE HOME OF THE LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER.—An autumu afternoon.—
The insult.—True to herself.—A fearless heart.—The unwelcome guest.—Only a foundling.—An abuse of confidence.—The new partner.—The compact.—The dead brought to life.—Saved from the wreck.—Legal advice.—Married for money.—A golden chance.—The intercepted letter.—A vision of wealth.—The forgery.—Within at inch of his life.—The rescue.—TABLEAU.

ACT II. SCENE AS BEFORE; time, night.—Dark clouds gathering.—Changing the jackets.—Father and son.—On duty.—A struggle for fortune.—Loved for himself.—The divided greenbacks.—The agreement.—An unhappy life.—The detective's mistake.—Arrested.—Mistaken identity.—The likeness again.—On the right track—The accident.—"Will she be saved?"—Latour's bravery.—A noble sacrifice.—The scret meeting.—Another case of mistaken identity.—The murder.—"Who did it?"—The torn cuff.—"There stands the murderer!"—"'Tis false!"—The wrong man murdered.—Who was the victim?—Tableau.

ACT III. Two Days Later.—Plot and counterplot.—Gentleman and convict.—

ACT III. Two DAYS LATER.—Plot and counterplot,—Gentleman and convict,—
The price of her life,—Some new documents.—The divided banknotes.—Sunshine
through the clouds.—Prepared for a watery grave—Deadly peril.—Father and daughter,—The rising tide.—A life for a signature.—True unto death.—Saved.—The mystery solved.—Dénouement.—TABLEAU.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

A COMEDY-DRAMA IN THREE ACTS, BY THOMAS K. SERRANO.

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

Eight male, three female, and utility characters: Leading juvenile man, first and second walking gentleman, two light comedians (lawyer and foreign adventurer), Dutch and Irish character comedians, villain, soldiers; leading juvenile lady, walking lady and comedienne. Three interior scenes; modern and military costumes. Time of playing, two hours and a half. Apart from unusual interest of plot and skill of construction, the play affords an opportunity of representing the progress of a real battle in the distance (though this is not necessary to the action). The comedy business is delicious, if well worked up, and a startling phase of the slavery question is sprung upon the audience in the last act. is sprung upon the audience in the last act.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I. AT FORT LEE, ON THE HUDSON .- News from the war .- The meeting. ACT I. AT FORT LEE, ON THE HUDSON.—News from the war.—The meeting.—The colonel's strange romance.—Departing for the war.—The intrusted packet.—An honest man.—A last request.—Bitter hatred.—The dawn of love.—A northerner's sympathy for the South.—Is he a traitor?—Held in trust.—La Creole mine for sale.—Financial agents.—A brother's wrong.—An order to cross the enemy's lines.—Fortune's fool.—Love's penalty.—Man's independence.—Strange disclosures.—A shadowed life.—Beggared in pocket, and bankrupt in love.—His last chance.—The refusal.—Turned from home.—Alone, without a name—Off to the war.—TABLEAU.

ACT II. ON THE BATTLEFIELD.—An Irishman's philosophy.—Unconscious of danger.—Spies in the camp.—The insult.—Risen from the ranks.—The colonel's prejudice.—Letters from home.—The plot to ruin.—A token of love.—True to him.—The plotters at work.—Breaking the seals.—The meeting of husband and wife.—A forlorn hope.—Doomed as a spy.—A struggle for lost honor.—A soldier's death.—TABLEAU.

ACT III. BEFORE RICHMOND.—The home of Mrs. De Mori,—The two documents.—A little misunderstanding.—A deserted wife.—The truth revealed.—Brought to light.—Mother and child.—Rowena's sacrifice.—The American Eagle spreads his wings.—The spider's web.—True to himself.—The reconciliation.—A long divided home reunited .- The close of the war .- TABLEAU.

BY FORCE OF IMPULSE.

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS, BY H. V. VOGT.

Price, 15 Cents.

Nine male, three female characters, viz.: Leading and Second Juvenile Men, eld Man, Genteel Villain, Walking Gentleman, First and Second Light Comedians, Heavy Character, Low Comedian, Leading and Second Juvenile Ladies and Comic Old Maid. Time of playing, Two hours and a half.

SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I. Love vs. Impulse.—Doller-clutch's office.—A fruitless journey, a heap of accumulated business and a heapt of accumulated business and a chapter of unparalleled impudence.—
News from the front.—A poor girl's trouble and a lawyer's big heart.—Hild's sad story.—"I'll see this thing through if it costs me a fortune!"—A sudder departure in eastern for alle. sudden departure in search of a clue sudden departure in search of a clue—The meeting of friends.—One of nature's noblemen.—Maitland betrays his secret by a slip of the tongue.—The ball at Beachwood.—Two spooneys, fresh from college, lose their heads and their hearts.—"Squashed, by Jupiter!"—Trusting innocence and polished villainy.—The interrupted tryst.—An honest man's avowal.—A picture of charming simplicity.—Murdell and Hilda meet face to face.—"I dare you to make another victim!"—A scoundrel's discomfiture.—Tableau. TABLEAU.

THE SEPARATION .- The Mait-ACT II. land homestead.—Anastasia's doubts. and nomestead.—Anastasia s doubts.— A warm welcome and its icy reception.—Forebodings and doubts.—Father and son.—Scarching questions.—A domestic storm and a parent's command.—A foiled villain's wrath.—Enlisting for the sorm and a parents commandately foiled villain's wrath.—Enlisting for the war.—The collapse of the cowards.—"It's no use, 'Dolphy, the jig 's up!"—Hilda's sympathy and Adrienne's silent despair.—The result of impulse.—The father pleads for his son.—Anastasia and Dollerclutch.—Coriolanus comes to grief.—Good and bad news.—Husband and wife.—Reginald demands an explanation.—A hand without a heart.—The separation.—A new recruit.—Too late; the roll is signed.—Tableau.

ACT III. Durv vs. IMPUSE.—Four years later.—A camp in the army.—Longings.—"Only six miles from home!"—The skeleton in the closet.—A father's yearning for his child.—A woman-hater in love.—Dollerclutch's dream.—A picture of camp life and fun.

dream .- A picture of camp life and fun. -Coriolanus has his revenge.-News from home.-Dollerclutch makes a big and. "Eureka | "-Proofs of Hilda's parentage and marriage.-A happy old

lawyer.—"I'll take them to Hilda!"— Detailed for duty.—A soldier's tempta-tion.—The sentinel deserts his post.—

The snake in the grass.—"At last, I can humble his pride!"
ACT IV. THE RECONCLIATION AND SEQUEL.—At Reginald's home.—News from the army.—"Grant is not the man handled and the statement of the s to acknowledge defeat!"-Adrienne and to acknowledge deteat!"—Adrienne and Hilda.—False pride is broken.—The reconciliation.—"Will Reginald forgive me?"—Dollerclutch brings joy to Hilda's heart.—"You are the daughter of Morris Maitland!"—The stolen documents and the capte in the conce Morris Maitland!"—The stolen documents and the snake in the grass.—"Hang me if I don't see this thing through!"—A letter to the absent one.—Face to face.—The barrier of pride swept down.—"Reginald, I love you; come back!"—The happy reunion.—An ominous cloud.—"I have deserted my rost; the repulying death. I must reserve the property of the property of the property of the stolength of the stoleng post; the penalty is death. I must return ere my absence is discovered!"—
The wolf in the sheepfold.—A wily tempter foiled.—A villain's rage.—

"Those words have sealed your doom!"

The murder and the escape.

Dollerclutch arrives too late.—The pur-

ACT V. DIVINE IMPULSE.—In camp.— Maidland on duty.—The charge of de-sertion and the examination.—"I knew not what I did!"—The colone!'s lenity.—

Disgrace.—News of Adrienne's murder is brought to camp.—Circumstantial evidence fastens the murder upon Regional contents. inald .- The court-martial .- Convicted and sentenced to be shot.-Preparations for the execution .- God knows I am innocent!"—Dollerclutch arrives in the nick of time.—"If you shoot that man you commit murder!"—The beginning of the end.—"Adrienne lives!"—A villain's terror.—Adrienne appears on the scene.—"There is the attempted assassin!"—Divine impulse.—The reward of innocence and the punishment of villainy.—Good news.—"Hurrah, the war is over; Lee has surrendered to Grant!"—The happy denouement and finale. innocent!"-Dollerclutch arrives in the TABLEAU.

Copies mailed, post-paid, to any address on receipt of the advertised price.

HAROLD ROORBACH, Publisher, 9 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

NEW ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE JAPANESE WEDDING.

A costume pantomime representation of the Wedding Ceremony in Japanese high life. The company consists of the bride and groom, their parents, six bridesmaids, and the officiating personage appropriately called the "Go-between." There are various formaities, including salaams, tea-drinking, eating rice-cakes, and giving presents. No words are spoken. The ceremony (which occupies about 50 minutes), with the "tea-room," fills out an evening well, though must can do ther attractions may be added. Can be represented by young ladies alone, if preferred. Price, 25 Cents.

AN EVENING WITH PICKWICK.
A Literary and Dramatic Dickens Entertainment.—Introduces the Pickwick Club, the Wardles of Dingley Dell, the Fat Boy, Alfred Jingle, Mrs. Leo Hunter, Lord Mutanhed and Count Smorltork, Arabe'la Allen and Bob Allen, Bob Sawyer, Mrs. and Master Bardell, Mrs. Cluppins. Mrs. Weller, Stiggins, Tony Weller, Sam Weller, and the Lady Traveller. Price, 25 cents.

EVENING WITH COPPERFIELD.

AN EVENING WITH COPPERFIELD.

A Literary and Dramatic Dickens Entertainment.—Introduces Mrs. Copperfield, Davie, the Peggotys, the Murdstones, Mrs. Gummidge, Little Em'ly, Barkis, Betsey Trotwood, Mr. Dick and his kite, Steerforth, the Creakles, Traddles, Rosa Dartle, Miss Mowcher, Uriah Heep and his Mother, the Micawbers, Dora and Gyp, and the wooden-legged Gatekeeper. Price, 25 cents.

These "Evenings with Dickens" can be represented in whole or in part, require but little memorizing, do not demand experienced actors, are not troublesome to prepare, and are suitable for performance either on the platform or in the drawing room.

THE GYPSIES' FESTIVAL.

A Musical Entertainment for Young People. Introduces the Gypsy Queen, Fortune Teller, Yankee Peddler, and a Chorns of Gypsies, of any desired number. The scene is supposed to be a Gypsy Camp. The costumes are very pretty, but simple; the dialogue bright; the music easy and tuneful; and the drill movements and calisthenics are graceful. Few properties and no set scenery required, so that the entertainment can be represented on any platform. Price, 25 cents.

THE COURT OF KING CHRISTMAS.

A CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT. The action takes place in Santa Claus land on Christmas eve, and represents the bustling preparations of St. Nick and his attendant worthies for the gratification of all children the next day. The cast may include as many as 36 characters, though fewer will answer, and the entertainment represented on a platform, without troublesome properties. The costumes are simple, the incidental music and drill movements graceful and easily managed, the dialogue uncommonly good, and the whole thing quite above the average. A representation of this entertainment will cause the young folks, from the sixty forth to turn themselves incidents with delight, and at the same six to sixty, fairly to turn themselves inside out with delight, and, at the same time, enforce the important moral of Peace and Good Will. Price, 25 cents.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

ILLUSTRATED TABLEAUX FOR AMATEURS. A new series of Tableaux Irrants, by Martha C. Weld. In this series each description is accompanied with a full-page illustration of the scene to be represented.

PART I.—MISCELLANEOUS TABLEAUX.—Contains General Introduction, 12 Tableaux and 14 Illustrations. Price, 25 Cents.

PART II.—MISCELLANEOUS TABLEAUX.—Contains Introduction, 12 Tableaux and 12 illustrations. Price, 25 Cents.

SAVED FROM THE WRECK. A drama in three acts. Eight male, three female characters. Time, two hours and a half. Price, 15 Cents.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES. A comedy-drama in three acts. Eight male, three female characters. Time, two hours and a half. Price, 15 Cents.

BY FORCE OF IMPULSE. A drama in five acts. Nine male, three female characters. Time, two hours and a half. Price, 15 Cents.

A LESSON IN ELEGANCE. A comedy in one act. Four female characters. Time, thirty minutes. Price, 15 Cents.

WANTED, A CONFIDENTIAL CLERK. A farce in one act. Six male characters. Time, thirty minutes. Price, 15 Cents.

SECOND SIGHT. A farcical comedy in one act. Four male, one female character. Time, one hour and a quarter. Price, 15 cents.

THE TRIPLE WEDDING. A drama in three acts. Four male, four female characters. Time, one hour and a quarter. Price, 15 cents.

Any of the above will be sent by mail, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of the annexed prices. HAROLD ROORBACH, Publisher, 9 Murray St., New York.

HELMER ACTOR'S MAKE-I

A Practical and Systematic Guide to the Art



PRICE, 25 CENTS.

WITH EXHAUSTIVE TREATMENT ON THE USE OF THEATRICAL WIGS AND BEARDS, THE MAKE-UP AND ITS REQUISITE MATERIALS, THE DIFFERENT FEATURES AND THEIR MANAGEMENT, TYPICAL CHARACTER MASKS, ETC. WITH SPECIAL HINTS TO LADIES. DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF ACTORS AND AMATEURS, AND FOR BOTH LADIES AND GENTLE-MEN. COPIOUSLY ILLUSTRATED.

CONTENTS.

I. THEATRICAL WIGS.—The Style and Form of Theatrical Wigs and Beards. The Color and Shading of Theatrical Wigs and Beards. Directions for Measuring the Head. To put on a Wig properly.

II. THEATRICAL BEARDS.—How to fashion a Beard out of crêpé.
How to make Beards of Wool. The growth of Beard simuhair.

lated.

III. THE MAKE-UP -A successful Character Mask, and how to

make it. Perspiration during performance, how removed.

IV. THE MAKE-UP BOX.—Grease Paints. Grease paints in sticks; Flesh Cream; Face Powder; How to use face powder as a liquid cream; The various shades of face powder. Water Cosmétique. Nose Putty. Court Plaster. Cocoa Butter. Crêpé Hair and Prepared Wool. Grenadine. Dorin's Rouge. "Old Man's" Rouge. "Juvenile" Rouge. Spirit Gum. Email Noir. Bear's Grease. Eyebrow Pencils. Artist's Stomps. Powder Puffs.

Feet. Camels'-hair Brushes.

THE FEATURES AND THEIR TREATMENT .- The Eyes: blindness. The Eyelids. The Eyebrows: How to paint out an eyebrowor moustache; How to paste on eyebrows; How to regulate bushy eyebrows. The Eyelashes: To alter the appearance of the eyes. The Ears. The Nose: A Roman nose; How to use the nose putty; A pug nose; An African nose; a large nose apparently reduced in size. The Mouth and Lips: a juvenile mouth; an old mouth; a sensuous mouth; a satirical mouth; a one-sided mouth; a merry mouth; A sullen mouth. The Teeth. The Neck, Arms, Hands and Fingernails: Fingernails lengthened. Wrinkles: Friendliness and Sullenness indicated by wrinkles. Shading. A Starving character. A Cut in the Face. A Thin Face Made Fleshy.

VI. TYPICAL CHARACTER MASKS.—The Make-up for Youth: Dimpled cheeks. Manhood. Middle Age. Making up as a Drunkard: One method; another method. Old Age. Negroes. Moors. Chinese. King Lear, Shylock. Macbeth, Richelieu, Statuary.

Clowns.

VII. Special Hints to Ladies.—The Make-up. Theatrical Wigs and Hair Goods.

Sent by mail, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of the price.

HAROLD ROORBACH, Publisher, 9 Murray Street, New York.